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LORD AUCKLAND'S TRIUMPH:

OR THE

DEATH OF *CRIM. CON.*

A PAIR OF PROPHETIC ODES.

I heard a voice—" CRIM. CON., CRIM. CON.,
Thou and thine empire are undone!
Woe to the men of lawless lives,
Who wink on other people's Wives!"

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

An ADDRESS to HYMEN;

An ODE on the PASSIONS;

ADVICE to YOUNG WOMEN,

Or, the ROSE and STRAWBERRY—A Fable.

WITH

A MOST INTERESTING POSTSCRIPT.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

LONDON:

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To LORD AUCKLAND.

MY GOOD LORD!

THE increaſing depravity of the FAIR SEX cries aloud for correction; Adultery is deemed a peccadillo, and Fornication a mere flea-bite: gigantic are the ſtrides that LEWDNESS has taken to ſubdue the moral world; her ſteps are like thoſe of Neptune, from promontory to promontory. The recent alterations in the Sex are alarming! every woman is elegant; every woman is accompliſhed; every woman is handſome; every woman is a witch. In ſhort, Beauty is ſo common, that I ſhould not wonder (ſuch is the caprice of mankind) at ſeeing a public advertiſement for UGLINESS. At every turn we pop upon

upon a CLEOPATRA—and what muſt murder the bluſhing ſenſibilities of Modeſty, more than a *half* of thoſe CLEOPATRAS are to be purchaſed for *half*-a-crown. What dangerous traps of ſeduction!—what lures of lovelineſs! Even *I* (like your Lordſhip, rather the worſe for wear) meet the ſmile, the wink, the ſtare of thoſe CIRCES, on whoſe lips are written in capitals (ſays a great *LYRIC POET),

" Kiſſes, O gentle Shepherd, for a crown."

The modeſt, the ingenious, the pious BISHOP of DURHAM has laudably exerciſed the pruning-knife of reform amongſt the OPERA DANCERS: he has lengthened their petticoats, circumſcribed their ſkips, and ſhaded their nudities. This *reverend* BISHOP and his *reverend* LADY ſaw *ſo much* at the Opera as aſtoniſhed, confounded, and petrified. They ſaw on a Saturday

* MYSELF.

day, *with their own eyes*, the wanton BALLET break in on the holy Sabbath—They turned pale at the contamination—They remonſtrated, and threatened, and preached, but they could not *convince*. TAYLOR, the Manager, ſmiled at the BISHOP's and his LADY's reforming zeal: the Performers lifted up their eyes and noſes in contempt, while the diſpleaſed Audience exclaimed in a burſt of thunder, "Out, out, out,—out with the pair of old hypocrites!" My Lord, we may truly ſay with the nervous and moral *Juvenal*,

"Credo Pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
"In terris"—

Which may be thus *elegantly* rendered:

True—MODESTY in *Saturn*'s days was ſeen:
The dev'l a bit, indeed in George's reign.

But now, My LORD, for that ſpecies of vice ADULTERY, againſt whoſe brazen walls your Lordſhip means to make a puſh with your bat-

a tering

tering ram. That your bold attack may ſucceed, for the honour of morality, and the *honourable heads* of *great* FAMILIES, is my moſt devout deſire; and to encourage your Lordſhip in the day of battle, I dedicate to your Lordſhip theſe my Prophetic ODES.

I am, MY LORD, &c. &c.

P. P.

ARGUMENT TO ODE I.

The BARD, *in the true ſpirit of prophetic poetry, commenceth his Ode with a compliment to* WEDLOCK.—PETER *treateth the hot-bed of Adultery with much poetical contempt.—He propheſieth the fall of* CRIM. CON. *her acquaintance with the Rakes.—In a ſublime ſtrain of inſult* PETER *queſtioneth* CRIM. CON. *and proclaimeth a total annihilation of her Rams-horns.—*PETER *ſingeth of the wonders done by Rams-horns at* JERICHO—*he giveth ſome hiſtory of* LORD AUCKLAND's *Family, and biddeth them* beware *of defilement.—The Poet candidly accuſeth himſelf of having been a votary to* Pleaſure, *and prettily and poetically depicteth the manner of his courtſhip; illuſtrating with a moſt apt and original compariſon.—The Poet abruptly bounceth off to attack the* PRINCES *of theſe Realms for not joining the pious efforts of* LORD AUCKLAND, *to deſtroy* CRIM. CON.—PETER *complimenteth the Bench of Biſhops for their furious abhorrence of* CRIM. CON., *for their intimate knowledge of Heaven, and for their great humility, but not for their great* poverty, *in which article theſe* holy MEN *have always varied from their* ſimple PREDECESSORS, *the Apoſtles.—*PETER *attacketh the Ladies' petticoats, or rather* no *petticoats.—The Bard, with a mighty Lyric jump, leapeth on the ſhoulders of* KING DAVID, *of* Iſrael, *and giveth him a ſtunning blow; and ſuddenly turning about, knocketh down* KING HARRY, *of* England; *concluding with a ſquint at ſome* modern PRINCES.—PETER *praiſeth the unparalleled, though* ungallant, *behaviour of a* KING LOUIS, *of* France, *of whom he relateth an entertaining and delicate ſtory, ending with ſomewhat more than a ſuſpicion that* certain Young Gentlemen *would not have ſhewn the* ſame *fortitude under the* ſame *circumſtances.*

ARGUMENT TO ODE II.

An apologetic Song for INCONSTANCY, *by a* SON *of the* DEVIL.—*This* SON *of a* DEVIL *pronounceth* LOVE *and a* BUTTERFLY *to be ſimilar* BEINGS, *and encourageth the idea—this* DEMON *wiſheth to take the licentious* FRENCH NATION *for a model, who wiſh to change a* Wife *as often as a* ſhirt—*this* IMP *continueth to faſcinate the mind by* beautiful *poetry in favour of the* unlicenſed *Paſſion* LOVE.—PETER *reprobateth ſuch notions, and prettily telleth, in* verſe, *a ſtory, well known in* proſe, *of a* KING *of* FRANCE, *who had experienced a ſatiety on the beauties of his* QUEEN.—PETER *triumpheth in the future happineſs of the* BRITISH EMPIRE *on the death of* CRIM. CON.—PETER *exhibiteth a natural picture of* AGE, *exulting, amidſt his imbecillities, in the idea of poſſeſſing blooming virgins, ſmiling at the ſame time at the horrors of horns.*—PETER *again, with his wonted candour, reverſeth the medal, and ſuggeſteth an inconveniency that may ariſe from the fate of* CRIM. CON. *in the character of a rotten Rake.*—PETER *here is truly moral as well as poetical.—Another* RAKE *is brought on the ſtage, who glorieth in the advantages to be obtained over a Wife, by this attack of* LORD AUCKLAND.—PETER, *replete with hiſtorical knowledge, relateth a ſtory of the great* CATO, *and alſo of the* WISE MEN, *not of* GOTHAM, *but of* GREECE.—*The* BARD *again ſingeth the ſong of triumph—he propheſieth.—He giveth a picture of the faſhionable Wives of the preſent day, who viſit* TOM'S *and* JOHN'S *in* Soho-ſquare, *with as much eaſe as* Mrs. SNIP *the Milliner.*—PETER *propheſieth peace in the houſe of* WEDLOCK, *and ſecurity to that bluſhful* DAMSEL, CHASTITY.—*The impudent and threatening Speech of* MISS FORNICATION *on the intended deſtruction of her Siſter* CRIM. CON.

LORD AUCKLAND'S TRIUMPH:

OR THE

DEATH OF *CRIM. CON.*

A PAIR OF PROPHETIC ODES.

SWEET is the ſong of wedded Love,
The echo of the turtle-dove;
Then who would turn that ſong to ſounds of woe?
Bright are the ſkies, and calm the ſcene
Where Hymen holds his halcyon reign;
Then who would bid the howling tempeſt blow?
What but a Ruffian would the ſpot invade,
To daſh the beam of bliſs with helliſh ſhade?

Doubtleſs, ADULTERY's a fat hot-bed;
But what's the produce?—Heavens! a wanton weed.
No buds of promiſe ope their bloom,
And load the zephyr with perfume!

O SYREN of the CYPRIAN ISLE,
CRIM. CON. who by a touch and ſmile
Dar'ſt lure a LADY from her ſpouſe's arms;
Make her deſert her babes, her kin,
To liſten to the voice of Sin,
That praiſeth of Variety the charms;
Thy lawleſs reign at length is o'er,
And rams-horns frighten Man no more.

Yes! there's an end of all thy wooing,
Thy dove-like billing, fluttering, cooing:

At THEE, thy vile companions, ev'ry Rake
Shall ſtart with horror, curſe thy name,
Fly from thy ſong of death with ſhame,
Avoid thee like the faſcinating ſnake
That wily won the world's firſt Madam,
And put that fatal trick on ADAM.

Tell me, where are thy rams-horns now,
To clap upon a Huſband's brow?
AUCKLAND has broken them to pieces:
And THOU ſhalt ſoon be put to death;
Unpitied, yield thy forfeit breath,
Except by wicked, wanton MISSES,
And wanton Youths of our wild Nation,
Of *prudence* leſs poſſeſs'd than *paſſion*.

By

By rams-horns JERICHO fell down,
A very notable old town;
Yes, rams-horns laid the lovely City low:
Thus rams-horns alſo to the earth
Bring down the men of lofty birth,
And force them with humility to bow.
Look at Lord *** whom high birth adorns,
How pitiful he ſquints amidſt his horns!

AUCKLAND, whoſe WIFE is charming and well-bred,
AUCKLAND, ah! rather in the *vale* of years,
Thinks Gentlemen ſhould have the proper *fears*,
And try to ward the antlers from the head.

Rare caution! how unlike ſome folk,
Of preſent and paſt times the joke;

Who

Who, till the ſteed was ſtol'n, forbore,
What fools! to ſhut the ſtable door!

Yes, AUCKLAND has his wife and daughters too;
And, as our ſex will never ceaſe to woo,
Their charms may fire ſome *tinder*-hearted Man!
A ſigh, a tear, a gentle ſqueeze,
A bed, a grot, a clump of trees,
Have favour'd many a Lover's artful plan.
What tho' LUCRETIAS? In a fatal hour,
The fam'd LUCRETIA fell by TARQUIN's pow'r.

AUCKLAND will give a deathful blow
To ſome ſad purlieus of SOHO:
No longer there ſhall lofty beds of down

Expect the muffled married DAME,
And bluſhleſs youth of lawleſs flame,
Secure from huſbands and the prying town.

There are, for wedded prey, who prowl,
And joy to hear the tempeſt howl;
O'er MATRIMONY's ſmile to caſt a cloud,
And put the modeſt LADY in her ſhroud!—
Such ſhall the MUSE to infamy conſign,
And cruſh with all the thunders of her line.

Bluſhing, I own, I've been in love with PLEASURE,
Look'd on the NYMPH's acquaintance as a treaſure;
Never purſued her once with ſcoff and *hiſſes*;
But caught the little HUSSEY in my arms;
Ran o'er the pretty garden of her charms,
And pluck'd the cherries of her lips—call'd KISSES.

I never

I never caſt off PLEASURE from me—no;
But hugg'd her, when I met with her—and *ſo:*
For lo! a piece of velvet was *my* ſoul!
Black velvet, mind! which when the GOD of Day
Doth viſit with his all-enlivening ray,
Enjoys the radiance, and *devours* the *whole.*

Velvet, unlike the marble rock indeed,
Devoid of gratitude and grace;
Who, when the SUN would warm and gild his head,
Flings back the bleſſing in his face.

Yes! I was once a ſinner, I confeſs;
But now my morals wear a *ſober* dreſs.

Sorry

Sorry am I for our good *Princes*,
(Indeed my tender conſcience *winces*)
To think they try to ſave CRIM. CON. the Jade!
The Biſhops, in a goodly row,
All wiſh to give a fatal blow:
Such good examples *ſomewhat* might have ſway'd!

Rare ORACLES! ſo juſt, ſo ſweet, ſo wiſe,
So deep in all the ſecrets of the SKIES;
So prone to teach, aſſiſt, inſpire, and bleſs one,
From whom HUMILITY might take a leſſon!

Sons of thoſe holy men of yore—
As *pious*, but not *quite ſo poor*;
Since FORTUNE, to the world's ſurpriſe,
On MERIT learns to *ope her eyes*.

Now,

Now, when a Biſhop* for a favour ſues,
Not, not in vain the plaintive TURTLE coos.

Ye Gods! how wicked are the times!
Ev'n *I* cry "Shame," the MAN of Rhymes!
And POETS are not overſtock'd with bluſhes.—
See! lovely MODESTY is gone
From BRITAIN, where ſhe fix'd her throne,
And IMPUDENCE to fill her ſtation ruſhes!

* The preſent BISHOP of LONDON (Dr. PORTEUS), I muſt indeed adduce as an exception. Wiſhing to turn his back on his R-y-l PATRONESS, on a vacancy in the SEE of Durham, he ſtrained every nerve to obtain the precious prize, worth nearly twenty thouſand pounds a year; the BISHOPRICK of LONDON, worth only *poor four thouſands* per annum, *ſcarcely ſufficient* to ſupply the *extenſive circle* of his charities! Good Man! he was diſappointed; not only diſappointed too; his prayer was conſidered as a piece of meanneſs and ingratitude.—If this be not a fact, I beg his LORDSHIP's pardon.

How looſe are LADIES in attire,
To ſet our peeping Youth on fire!
A hundred inſtances I ſoon could pick ye!
Without a cap we view the Fair,
The boſom heaving, heaving bare;
The *hips* aſham'd, *forſooth*, to wear a dicky :*—

Quite antique ſtatues—ſuch the dreſs,
It nothing leaves for FANCY's gueſs!

Look at our GRANNUMS, good old ſouls,
With caps and pinners, well mobb'd polls;
With warming dickies, high ſtiff ſtays,
To guard the neck from graſp and gaze.

How

* A term uſed in the *polite* circles for a flannel petticoat.

How diff'rent from our modern FAIR,
Whoſe ev'ry beauty *takes the air!*

Alas! they heed no froſt or ſnow,
Nor winds around that chilling blow,
And ſwing their muſlin goſſimer about:
Showing what MODESTY ſhould veil;
Things very proper to conceal,
For legs and knees, and *ſo*, ſhould ne'er *peep out*.

KING DAVID ſet a very bad example—
KING HARRY, too a very ſhocking ſample
Of Wedlock's conſtant, chaſte, and lovely ſtate:
And many other Kings beſides, indeed,
Too prone on wild variety to feed,
Have broken MATRIMONY's tender pate:

Nay,

Nay, many PRINCES *ev'ry day*
Do ſomething in this wicked way.
But not ſo *did* a King of France,
Whoſe ſtory ſeemeth quite romance.

A KING OF FRANCE AND THE FAIR LADY

AT BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

A TRUE STORY.

A KING of FRANCE upon a day,
With a fair LADY of his Court,
Was pleas'd at Battledore to play,
A very faſhionable ſport.

Into

Into the *boſom* of this fair COURT DAME,
Whoſe whiteneſs did the ſnow's pure whiteneſs ſhame,
KING LOUIS by an odd miſchance did knock
The SHUTTLECOCK,
Thrice happy rogue, upon the down of Doves,
To neſtle with the pretty little LOVES!

"Now, SIRE, pray take it out"—quoth SHE
With an arch ſmile.—But what did he?
What? what to charming MODESTY belongs!
Obedient to her ſoft command,
He rais'd it—but not with his *hand!*
No! marv'ling Reader, but the *chimney tongs.*

What a chaſte thought in this good King!
How clever!

When ſhall we hear agen of ſuch a thing?
Lord! never.

Now were *our* PRINCES to be pray'd
To ſuch an act by ſome fair MAID,
I'll bet my life *not one* would mind it:
But *handy*, without more ado,
The YOUTHS would ſearch the boſom *thro'*,
Although it took *a day* to find it!

ODE

ODE II.

NOW hear a Son of SATAN; how he ſings!
" CHLOE, thou art the ſweeteſt of ſweet things:
" I hate dull Conſtancy—'tis ſuch a *bore:*
" It ruins LOVE—'tis ſuch a piece of lumber;
" Kind VENUS, let it not my back encumber.
" Come, CHLOE, come—thy beauties I adore:

" Come to the fields—thy huſband's gone to town—
" O come, and let me give thee a *green gown.*

" LOVE

" Love is a Butterfly that ſkims about
" From hill to vale, and ſtops at ev'ry flow'r;
" Sucks all the honey with its little ſnout,
" So pleas'd the rich ambroſia to devour:
" Then on wild wing, away it flies again,
" The Sultan of the variegated plain.

" Chloe, we'll imitate the ways of France;
" For Constancy's a very dull romance—
" Fit only for a poor old grunting Dame;
" And blind old Darby, full of ail and groan,
" Forc'd to be led about by limping Joan,
" Of girls the titter, and of boys the game.

" But

" But LOVE, my dear, is neither lame nor blind;
" All energy—his life, eternal ſpring;
" Roams the wide world as wanton as the wind,
" And ſcorns the fetters that would bind his *wing*:
" Then, CHLOE, learn to prize the varied kiſs,
" And prove of ſweet INCONSTANCY the bliſs."

Such was the ſong of thouſands—ſuch the ſong
Of one King LOUIS—of his Lady tir'd;
Who dragg'd with pain the marriage clog along,
And lo, a Lady of his Court deſir'd.

Yes, yes, His Majeſty, much, much to blame,
Had a colt's tooth, and lov'd another DAME.

His MINISTER (a *Biſhop*, I preſume)
Inform'd him of the danger of his ſoul,
And pointed ſtrongly to the day of doom,
And heav'n-ward his two eyes began to roll—
Much as to ſay, " O KING, if this way giv'n,
" Your MAJESTY will never get to Heav'n."

" Stick to your virtuous Queen," the Biſhop *ſigh'd:*
" Go to the Devil," the King in ſecret cry'd.

The King, not reliſhing the Prieſt's inſtructions,
His heaps of quoted Scripture—ſage deductions,
Order'd him *partridge* conſtantly for dinner:
No diſh beſide—'twas partridge ev'ry day.
From this at length the Biſhop turn'd away,
Grew ſick, and groan'd like a repentant ſinner.

Many

Many wry mouths he made—"*Toujours perdrix!*"
Partridge and Prieſt in ſhort could not agree:
He now felt *conſtancy* a *mawkiſh thing*.
A profelyte with long long face he came,
Deſir'd to know the pretty Lady's name,
Turn'd pimp himſelf, and brought her to the King.

Die but CRIM. CON.—the region ſmiles,
And glory crowns the QUEEN of ISLES!

OLD-AGE ſhall ſoon be hobbling ſeen
With blooming virgins of eighteen,
Panting, and coughing up an amourous ſigh:
Yes, wheezing, wrinkled AGE ſhall woo,
And paw and drivel, kiſs and coo,
And ſhake his crutches, and in triumph cry:

"Horns

" Horns, I defy you—horns no more I *dread*;
" Fearleſs I wake, and fearleſs go to bed.
" In Wedlock's cage my nightingale ſhall ſing,
" And lull my ſenſes with a charming note:
" I dare that damned rakehell a RED COAT
" To pull a ſingle feather from its wing."

But then, the batter'd RAKE will boaſt—
" Tho' paſt my prime, my vigour loſt,
" And full of holes my aching bones;
" Tho' gone my teeth, my cheeks all pale,
" And foul my breath that taints the galé,
" And NIGHT a witneſs of my groans;

" A virgin of a thouſand charms
" Shall bring her beauty to my arms;

" While

" While happy, (from diſhonour ſafe)
" My head at *rams* and *bulls* ſhall laugh."

What modeſty the Man inſpires!
How ſweet the ſcheme the knave propoſes!
What juſtice too in his deſires!
A carrion on a bed of roſes!

" I will aſcend," (exclaims *another* RAKE)
" Yes, I will mount the higheſt places;
" The beds of virgin innocence ſhall ſhake;
" I'll kiſs the Daughters of the GRACES.

" Thus will I ſpread (a king of bliſſes)
" Mine empire o'er the world of kiſſes.

" Wild as the roe my feet ſhall bound;
" I'll graze in ev'ry neighbour's ground;
" In vain my injur'd ſpouſe ſhall wake and weep:
" Well hamper'd by Lord AUCKLAND's chain,
" She dares not of her wrongs complain;
" Her ſighs muſt whiſper, and her anger ſleep."

How manners change!—The times of old,
When wives were lent, and bought, and ſold,
Muſt make a modern huſband ſmile!
CATO was often known to ſend
To this, and that, and t'other friend,
To lend his wife a little while.

If gone from Rome for air or water,
What then? why lend a pretty daughter.

What

What happen'd?—One of them was ſent to CATO,
With as much cordiality and eaſe,
As though the SAGE had begg'd for a potatoe,
A pot of muſtard, or a ſlice of cheeſe!

The *Grecian* SAGES alſo, (monſtrous ſtrange!)
All GENTLEMEN of moral lives,
Met juſt like horſe-dealers or Jews on 'Change,
To buy, and ſwop, and borrow wives.

Now from digreſſion to return,—
CRIM. CON. muſt die, and thouſands mourn.

No more ſhall wanton PRINCES now
Attempt to milk a ſubject's cow:

No

No more* JOHN T——DS ſhall attack a Ducheſs;
Who, chaſte as DIAN, ſcream'd for help,
And, ſtruggling with the wicked whelp,
Eſcap'd all ſpotleſs from his ſavage clutches.

No charming MISTRESS HODGES ſhall appear,
Nor MISTER HODGES aid his *tender* DEAR
To plant the horn upon his *willing* ſkull:
Lady CADOGANS, with inviting charms,
Lure no more pamper'd Parſons to her arms,
Help'd by that *pretty pimp*, MISS FARLEY BULL.

Lady WESTMEATHS no more ſhall riſe,
Victims of faſcinating eyes,

To

* The AUTHOR is miſtaken here. Her Grace was, at the time of his Lordſhip's amorous attack, in her weeds.—*The Editor.*

To fill the trump of ſcandal, and inſpire
Old prudiſh Maids with jealous fits,
Drive virtuous wives out of their wits,
And ſet our envying, envying Youth on fire.

No BETTY LEEKES, to talk of a *looſe* dreſs,
When BRADSHAW came to woo the noble Dame;
No *powder'd*, *towzled* couch their hours to bleſs,
No Coachmen to proclaim the acts of ſhame:
And laſt of all, no catering MISTER HOGG,*
To ſuit ſalacious taſtes with prurient prog.

No more ſhall HAWKERS gallop on,
Roaring away, "CRIM. CON. CRIM. CON."

* The Bookſeller.

While ABIGAILS from houſes, with a caper,
Ruſh, giggling, forth to buy the paper:
To ſhew their Ladies, happy, none will doubt it,
To wink and ſneer, and prattle *all about it*.

No more a COUNSEL's bluſh ſhall ſpring,
Nor *loftier* B—R with ſweet grace
Hide in his handkerchief his face,
When evidence has been *too near* the thing.

COUNSEL will not be forc'd to ſay,
When did they kiſs?—in gariſh day,
Or by the candle's conſcious trembling light?
Were they in bed beneath the ſheet,
Snug in embrace—both *tête-à-tête?*
And what were *things* that might appear in ſight?

Such

Such ſhall no more be heard in Court,
Making for idle ears a ſport.

Too often wives who loſe at play,
With *honour* debts of honour pay;
And ſlily to ſome Cyprian Fane repair—
Invoke of Love the ſaucy Pow'R,
To CUPID ſacrifice an hour,
And lo! return with ſo much eaſe and air,
As tho' it were a millinery trip!
So out of breath in queſt of MISTRESS SNIP!

All in the houſe of Wedlock ſhall be quiet;
No ſighs to ſoften, and no pulſe to riot;
And CHASTITY, in danger now no more,
Shall ſleep without a *lock* upon her door.

" 'Tis

"'Tis a bad wind that blows no good,"—
A proverb older than the flood.
Cries pert Miss Fornication, with a wink,
" Aye, kill my Sister—*do*—and ſoon
" I'll play young Ladies *ſuch* a *tune*,
" Aye, ſpinſter-reputation *ſoon* ſhall ſink:

" I'll deal in billets-doux and ſighs;
" I'll open necks, and ſharpen eyes;
" I'll make their gowns and petticoats of gauze;
" I'll do the buſineſs of the maids;
" I'll make more routs and maſquerades;
" I'll ſharpen Mister Satan's claws.

" I'll order it with nymph and ſwain,
" That cheeks ſhall never *bluſh* again.

" I'll

" I'll build to METHODISM more chapels,
" Where lad with laſs ſo ſweetly grapples
" Soon as the tell-tale candles are put out.
" Yes, yes, the *love-feaſts* ſhall increaſe,
" And MODESTY, that mincing *piece*,
Shall ſay, " Good bye t'yè," to the groaning ROUT.

" I'll aid HYPOCRISY's dark cauſe,
" And for a *Parſon* chooſe a H——s;*
" I'll ope new turnpikes to ſalvation,
" Or I'm not chriſten'd FORNICATION."

Thus wildly ſhe exclaims! and, by the LORD,
I think the HUSSEY means to *keep her word!*

* While ALNWINKLE exiſts, the *conſcientious* act of this HUNTINGTONIAN APOSTLE will be remembered.

Thus have I pour'd a pair of ODES,
Which *ſome* may deem the ſongs of *Gods*;
But hark! a ſecond ſolemn voice I hear—
A ſecond awful voice, that cries,
" Bard, Bard, thine oracles are lies;
" CRIM. CON. has nought from AUCKLAND's rage to fear.
" *That* LORD from morn to night, and night to morn,
" Shall trembling view the viſionary *horn*."

ADVICE

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN;

OR

THE ROSE AND STRAWBERRY,

A FABLE.

YOUNG WOMEN!—don't be fond of *killing*.
Too well I know your hearts unwilling
To hide beneath the veil a charm—
Too pleas'd a ſparkling eye to roll,
And with a neck to thrill the ſoul
Of ev'ry Swain with LOVE's alarm.

Yet,

Yet, yet, if PRUDENCE be not near,
It's *ſnow* may melt into a *tear*.

The dimpled ſmile, and pouting lip,
Where little CUPIDS nectar ſip,
Are very pretty lures, I own:
But ah! if PRUDENCE be not nigh,
Thoſe lips where all the CUPIDS lie,
May give a paſſage to a *groan*.

A ROSE in all the pride of bloom,
Flinging around her rich perfume,
Her form to public notice puſhing,
Amidſt the ſummer's golden glow,
Peep'd on a STRAWBERRY below,
Beneath a leaf, in ſecret bluſhing.

" MISS

" Miss Strawberry," exclaim'd the Rose,
" What's beauty that no mortal knows?
" What is a charm, if never ſeen?
" You really are a pretty creature:
" Then wherefore hide each blooming feature?
" Come up, and ſhew your modeſt mien."

" Miſs Rose," the Strawberry replied,
" I never did poſſeſs a pride
" That wiſh'd to *daſh* the public eye:
" Indeed I own that I'm *afraid*—
" I think there's ſafety in the *ſhade*;
" Ambition cauſes many a ſigh."

" Go, ſimple child," the Rose rejoin'd,
" See how *I* wanton in the wind:

" I feel no danger's dread alarms;
" And then obſerve the God of Day,
" How amorous with his golden ray,
", To pay his viſits to my charms!"

No ſooner ſaid, but with a ſcream
She ſtarted from her fav'rite theme—
A clown had on her fix'd his *pat*.
In vain ſhe ſcreech'd—Hob did but ſmile;
Rubb'd with her leaves his noſe awhile,
Then bluntly ſtuck her in his hat.

ODE

ODE TO HYMEN.

O TELL me, HYMEN, how it comes to paſs,
That folks live not in uniſon, alas!
That all thy votaries are not always bleſt?
Thy pretty *fane* is enter'd all ſo billing,
So am'rous, ſo obliging, ſmiling, willing;
When lo! LOVE's paſſion ſinks at once to reſt!

An ignorant poor bachelor am I,
And ſtupid, knowing not the reaſon why!

LOVE ſeems at firſt within the *torrid* zone,
Now to the *temperate*, lo, his courſe he bends;

Now

Now to the *frigid* limpeth with a groan,
And now the ſweeteſt of all paſſions *ends!*

Look to the ſimple ſtate, the ſtate of clowns,
Born in a hut, and ſeldom from their downs!

Thus LUBIN, in a Glo'ſter hamlet bred,
Soon as the honeymoon began to ſhine;
" Now, DEARY," (I ſuppoſe the pair in bed)
" Now put thy pretty little *totes** to mine."

But when, ah me! the honeymoon was over,
Adieu the *Lover!*

And

* An abbreviation, I preſume, of pettitoes, frequently uſed in Gloceſter-ſhire.

And what the ſoul of delicacy ſhocks,
Inſtead of "Put thy pretty *totes* to mine,"
He turn'd his back and grunted like a ſwine,
"Why doſt not heave away thy d-mn'd greeat *hocks?*"

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

THE PASSIONS are all prone to ſad diſorders,
Whoſe OBJECTS never ſhould approach their *borders!*
"O lead us not into temptation,"
Is a choice pray'r, and which I much admire—
So *many things* are dangerous to DESIRE,
So ripe for ſoul-aſſaſſination!

YOUNG WOMEN, *par exemple*, O how ſweet!
How faſcinating each wild ſenſe they greet!
How much we long to ſmell to the fair flow'r!
How long the bluſhing peach to pluck it,
And ſuck it—
To uſe an *epicuriſh* phraſe, *devour!*

Now ſuch deſires are very dangerous things—
It does not ſignify to talk about it:
Yet ſeemed SOLOMON, firſt of wiſe Kings,
And *eke* his father DAVID, *much* to *doubt it*.

For whereſoe'er they met a pretty LASS,
Snap was the word—they could not let her paſs.

How

How many a time I thought it not a ſin
To preſs the virgin's cheek and dimpled chin,
And preſs her pouting lip, that dew-clad cherry;
And peep upon her neck of Alpine ſnow,
And preſſing, panting, to her boſom grow,
Rich banquet—*very*—I repeat it—*very!*

But lo! I ſtand reform'd, thank Heav'n,
So much of grace to me is giv'n!—

O YOUTHS! whene'er the wiſhes warm of nature,
Tumultuous riſe—deſtroy their dangerous dance;
The curb of REASON to your aid advance,
And ſouſe them with her buckets of cold water.

'No harm is in the PASSIONS, to be ſure;
But then they muſt not gallop wild to door:—
Cloſe keep them, juſt like hounds that long for hare;
Or muzzle them, indeed, like ferrets;
And thus ſuppreſs their wanton ſpirits,
That lawleſs wiſh to be as free as air.

Well I remember, (but the times are paſt,
Thank Heav'n, this wickedneſs can't always laſt)
When if a petticoat but caught my eye—
A petticoat ſurrounding ſome fair maid,
Lord bleſs us! how my heart's briſk fountain play'd!
GRACE was abjur'd, and PRUDENCE forc'd to fly:
The PASSIONS ſudden wak'd at once to watch her,
And, hound-like, ſcamper'd in full cry to catch her.

The PASSIONS, as I've ſaid, are far from *evil*;
But if not well confin'd, they play the devil.

Learn from *that* CANDLE—mark its *govern'd* flame,
How in its luſtre, gentle, ſteady, tame,
So mild, ſuch trembling modeſty, ſo quiet!—
But let him touch your curtains, or your bed,
Who on ſuch ſtuff delighteth to be fed,
Lo, in a brace of minutes, what a riot!
He pulls, (for nought th'unbridled ROGUE reveres)
Like SAMPSON, an old houſe about his ears!

POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE READER.

IN my laſt Publication, called NIL ADMIRARI, or a SMILE at a BISHOP, I moſt *ingenuouſly*, and with a pretty portion of the *ars critica*, appreciated the merits of my own Work, with a view of aſſiſting ſome monthly ARISTARTCHUSES in their literary diſcuſſions, and of fixing the muzzle of reſtraint upon the mouth of CALUMNY: but *quod petimus eſt nuſquam!* I had reckoned without my hoſt. Indeed, I was deceived—the *Poet* was damned, and the *Man* overwhelmed with ſlander. Little MISTER MATHIAS, the ſon of a Cobbler (ſays Fame), nevertheleſs a rhyme-monger and critic, united in hoſtility againſt me, with little ſquinting MASTER ÆSOP GIFFORD, alſo a rhyme-monger and critic, although ſome years ago actually a *Cobbler* in the little town of Aſhburton, in the county of Devon. In interrupting my narrative for a minute or two, let me obſerve, that this MASTER ÆSOP GIFFORD has performed in ſeveral characters ſince his *elevation* from his STALL at Aſhburton, having been created a PETRONIUS, the ARBITER ELEGANTIARUM to the *honorable* Houſe of G———R; in which *laudable* ſituation he acquitted himſelf with

with ſo much *dexterity* and ſatisfaction to his *moſt noble* and *conſtant* and briſk EMPLOYER, as well as *great reputation* to himſelf, that he was appointed BEAR-LEADER to his LORDSHIP's *hopeful* Son, to conduct him through the refined dominions of Italy, and to point out to him the beauties of Painting and Sculpture, the knowledge of which little ÆSOP had acquired partly by *inſpiration*, and partly from the moſt excellent engravings in wood at the heads of ballads, which ſurrounded and adorned the inſide of his humble manſion, that is to ſay, his ſtall; eſpecially a portrait of ST. CRISPIN at work, forming a beautiful frontiſpiece to a ballad, whoſe well-known *exordium* floweth poetically *thus:*

> " *A cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a ſtall,*
> " *Which ſerv'd him for parlour, and kitchen, and all,*" &c.

And which portraiture of ST. CRISPIN being repreſented with a crook back and ſquinting eyes, was often ſuppoſed by the apprentice girls and ſtable boys of the town, who were accuſtomed to lean on his bulk to hear his poetry and jokes, I ſay, this homely portraiture of the tutelar Saint of Cobblers was ſuppoſed, by thoſe his companions, to be a likeneſs of HIMSELF; which idea he cunningly encouraged, having not only an itch *between his fingers*, but a brother itch in his *mind* to *cut a figure* in *print*. To proceed—The aforeſaid Gentlemen, fearful of their own abilities (for *modeſty* is of a timid diſpoſition) united themſelves with a young Gentleman, *cleped* MASTER CANNING, who, being a *forward* lad at ſchool, a *præcox ingenium*, compoſing in the ſhorteſt time the moſt copious parcels of Latin nonſenſe, hexameters and pentameters, (a common exerciſe for the advancement of ſenſe),

ſenſe), was noticed and elevated by ADMINISTRATION to high poſts, from an idea that a forward ſchool-boy would make a profound politician. Still to ſtrengthen the phalanx, the aforeſaid three young Gentlemen made a further union with a young Gentleman who received the *beſt* part of his education at that long-eſtabliſhed ſeminary celebrated for *turning out* as well as *turning off* genius of every deſcription, called NEWGATE. *Further ſtill* to augment their force, the aforeſaid four young Gentlemen united with a fifth, the *élève* of little ÆSOP, *viz* LORD POLUFLOSBOIO, whoſe broadſide of Greek once thundered with ſuch a happy effect on the great Aſſembly of the Nation.

This formidable *Aſſociation*, with the motto of *Vis unita fortior* on their banners, having completed a battery called the ANTI-JACOBIN MAGAZINE and REVIEW, for the purpoſe of confounding the enemies of their country, ſupporting the cauſe of literature, and getting into lucrative employments, opened their fire on my poor Pamphlet, with a view to its utter annihilation.—To relinquiſh the metaphor, theſe men, wilfully and maliciouſly diſregarding my fair and candid criticiſms, have convinced me that all my attempts to produce a decent effect on them is labour thrown away; in ſhort, that I have exhibited my imbecillity in trying to waſh the blackamoor white. Violent has been the torrent iſſuing on me from thoſe water-ſpouts of abuſe!—Not only my *poetical*, but my *moral* character, which I thought a fine haunch of veniſon, has been converted into dog's-meat under their paws. In all the calmneſs of reflection, when prejudice was aſleep, I ſaid to myſelf, What have I done to theſe fellows, that they

ſhould

ſhould ſo ſluice me with the muddy and ſtinking torrent of abuſe?—I have, I confeſs, ventured to ſpeak my thoughts of that rhyming humbug the Purſuits of Rancour, *alias Literature*,—the united compoſition of the aforeſaid *Gentlemen* and LORD——; and behold, I was to fall a martyr to my impartial deciſion. I *may* have ſaid that the Authors of that boiſterous unmeaning ſilly production, called the PURSUITS of LITERATURE, in which ſo many lines and half-lines are ſtolen, and ſuch a *farrago* of impertinent quotation introduced—I ſay, I *may* have called them the RAGMEN of PARNASSUS, the OLD CLOTHESMEN to the MUSES, *literary* PINCUSHIONS, compoſed of ſcraps and bran. I muſt confeſs that I have at times ſmiled at the unmeaning noiſy lines of two wretched things called *Baviad* and *Mæviad*; and ſmiled moreover at the ſelf-conſequence of their AUTHOR.—I *may* have ſaid that if MISTER ÆSOP GIFFORD, inſtead of BAVIADS and MÆVIADS, had only compoſed COBLERIADS, he would have been more at *home* on the ſubject; and really, no young man was *keener* in his profeſſion than little ÆSOP with his paring-knife in his hand—In ſhort; he was the *cobbling* WONDER of ASHBURTON and its vicinity, as no one of his profeſſion, like him,

(So ſhining was his genius) knew
The conſtitution of a ſhoe;
To put a heel-tap (we'll ſuppoſe)
Or mend a ſole, or add a noſe!
And as for an old boot, in truth,
He gave it the black bloom of youth,
Eke comely ears to an old pattin,
Till ſome vile demon cry'd—"Learn Latin."

I believe that I *may* have aſſerted that there is ſo much flatulence

in thoſe compoſitions, that his MUSE, previouſly to her beginning her ſong, muſt have made a hearty dinner upon boiled peas, a vegetable poſſeſſing much flatulent energy.—I *may* have aſſerted that STEPHEN DUCK the Threſher was a much ſuperior Poet to GIFFORD the Cobbler; as honeſt STEPHEN wrote common ſenſe and from the *heart*, and GIFFORD from a confuſed muddy brain, without feeling, and in general without the power of exhibiting a meaning.—I *may* have aſſerted as much, and more than that: I do aſſert it now, that the Threſher is a better writer than the Cobbler.—I *may* have ſaid, that when a man receiveth ſubſcription-money for a work, and without any intention to produce that work, he is a literary ſwindler, and deſerveth a rope.— I *may* have aſſerted that the dirtieſt of all occupations is a Pimp. I *may* have ſaid that the wretch who can write lampoons on the patrons who took him from the dunghill, and placed him in a ſituation of reſpectability, is a ſcoundrel.—I *may* have ſaid that a fellow with the form of the letter Z, who publicly attacks an unfortunate woman for a diſorder of which the DIVINE BEING is the ſole author, is little leſs than a demon and a fool.—And finally, I *may* have declared that the wretch who, after the moſt important favours conferred on him by a friend, can, by the moſt infernal machinations, meditate the ruin of that friend, to pave the way for his own ambitious conſequence, is a villain.—But what is all this to ÆSOP?—Theſe reflections might have been *general*; but unfortunately for *me*, they have been conſidered as *particular*, ſo that *certain folk* have poſitively ſworn, in the language of an old ballad, "That was levell'd at me." I *may* have pronounced Mr. CANNING a feeble character (and I appeal to his

his ſpeeches for my juſtification)—I *may* have ſuggeſted that the puerile Letter ſent to *Bonaparte* could only be the work of MASTER CANNING; and that PITT and DUNDAS could not have been the authors of that weak performance but under the brain-deſtroying influence of the JOLLY GOD. For this then have I been perſecuted, grievouſly *perſecuted* in *proſe*; and I expect the ſame perſecution in *rhyme*, if not *poetry*. But, O aſtoniſhed Reader, not only theſe are my foes; but the *Squad* belonging to another *thing*, chriſtened the BRITISH CRITIC, (it ſhould have been named Britiſh *Hypocrite*, Religion being made a ſtalking-horſe for the purpoſes of Mammon) this *Squad* has ſpit its collected venom in my face—and for what? Have I been known to attack poor PARSON NARES's ſtill-born pious proſe lucubrations, or BELOE's rhymes?—I ſcorn to inſult the *dead*. Have I ever ſpoken diſreſpectfully of the critical ſagacity of MESSIEURS RIVINGTONS (two Bookſellers of Paul's Church-Yard) and their *reviewing* LADIES? I ſcorn to trample on paralytics.—Have I ever attacked the *military character* of Mr. FRANCIS RIVINGTON, whoſe ſword is as ſharp as his pen, and who is ready to ſtorm the loftieſt dunghill of the metropolis with as much intrepidity as was diſplayed by the commanding General at the battle of *Jemap!*—I have ſeen him on the plains of BRIDEWELL in his accoutrements, *out-Alexandering* ALEXANDER—I have ſeen him bayonet a pickpocket at a fire.—I have witneſſed his undaunted appearance, and maintain that he will be as formidable to his foes in the *field* as he is terrible to a poor petitioning, complaining, emaciated author in his *ſhop*, or to thoſe drudges the ſcavengers of his Review.

Let

Let juſtice be done—*fiat* JUSTITIA, *ruat cælum*.—To uſe another claſſical quotation, *Amicus* PLATO, *amicus* SOCRATES, *ſed magis amica* VERITAS.—TRUTH and CANDOUR are the DEITIES at whoſe ſhrine I ſacrifice; or may I reſemble

A poor, mean, ſneaking, literary ſhrimp!
Lie like M———s, and like G.——— *p*———!

To conclude—I ſhall forbear a long and elaborate criticiſm on the various and numerous beauties of my preſent production, contenting myſelf with *modeſtly* ſaying that my pair of Prophetic Odes is not a little in the Hebrew ſtyle, and which, without bluſhing, might admit of a compariſon with ſome Hebrew compoſitions of Lyric celebrity. Nay, I know ſome Readers that will aſſert perhaps of each of my Odes, that *decies repetita placebit*—others *centies*, and ſome *millies*, *peradventure*. To confeſs a truth, I am ſomewhat like my *great* COUSIN of THEBES in *one* reſpect, an *egotiſt*—indeed, I am told of it; but then, I am far from detracting, like him, from my contemporary rivals. I perſecute not with *calumny*; on the contrary, I return good for evil—MESSIEURS MATHIAS, and GIFFORD, and CANNING, and the GENTLEMAN of NEWGATE, and my Lord POLUFLOSBOIO, have received my *pity!* Their Purſuits, and their Ghoſts, and their Baviads and Mæviads, and their ſpeeches, and their monthly criticiſm, ſhall never be cruelly dragged by *me* from the Lake of Oblivion, to make a ſecond feaſt for the table of RIDICULE.—May they ſleep *in ſæcula ſæculorum* beneath the placid EXPANSE!

THE END.

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